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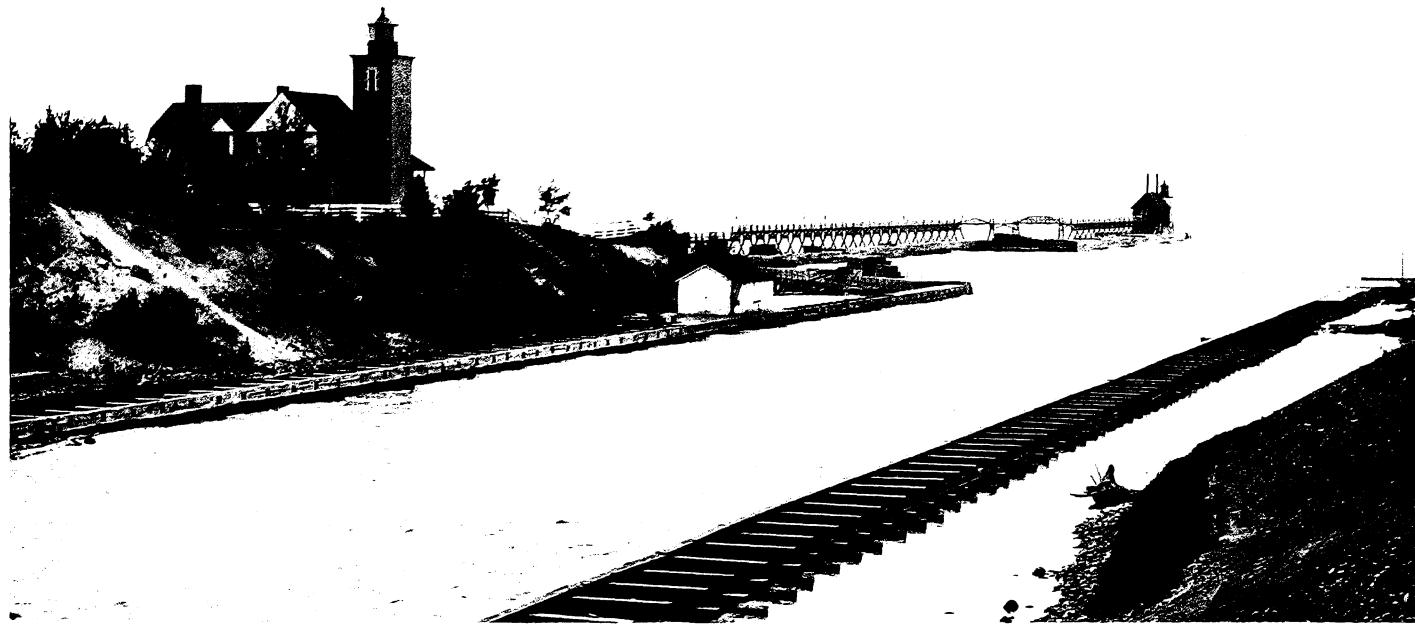
THE  
LAKE SUPERIOR  
REGION

From the Library of  
William Neely of Negaunee  
Presented by his daughter  
Mrs. Oscar Hanson of Bessemer

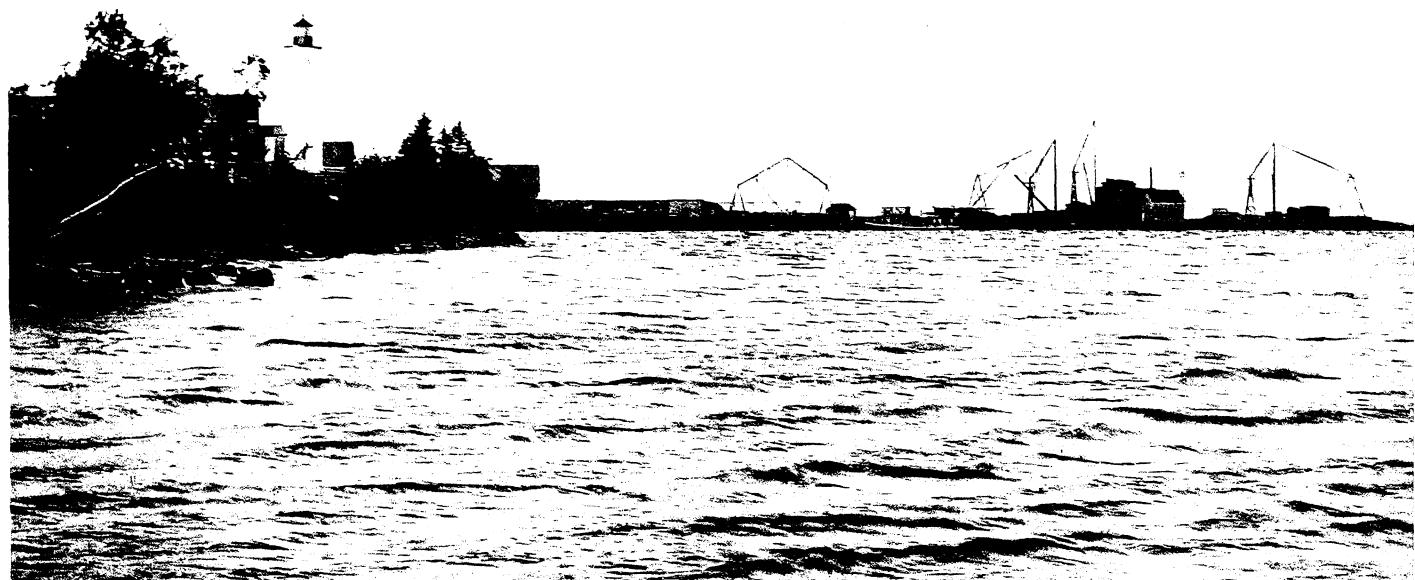


PULPIT ROCK, PRESQUE ISLE.



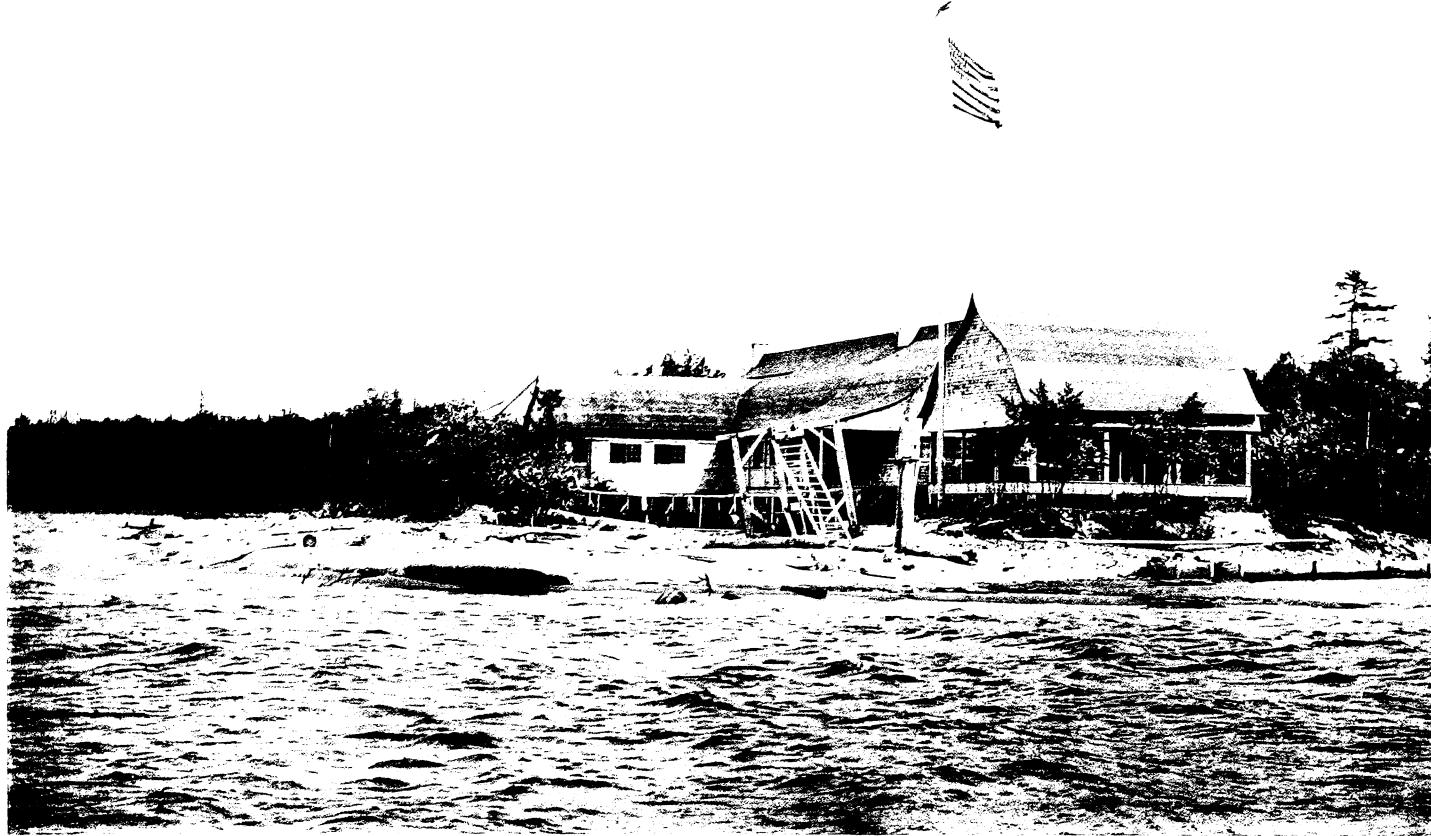


ENTRANCE OF PORTAGE LAKE SHIP CANAL.



LIGHT HOUSE AT PORTAGE ENTRY.





SO-SA-WA-GA-MING CLUB AT MOUTH OF THE YELLOW DOG.



SCENE ON THE YELLOW DOG.



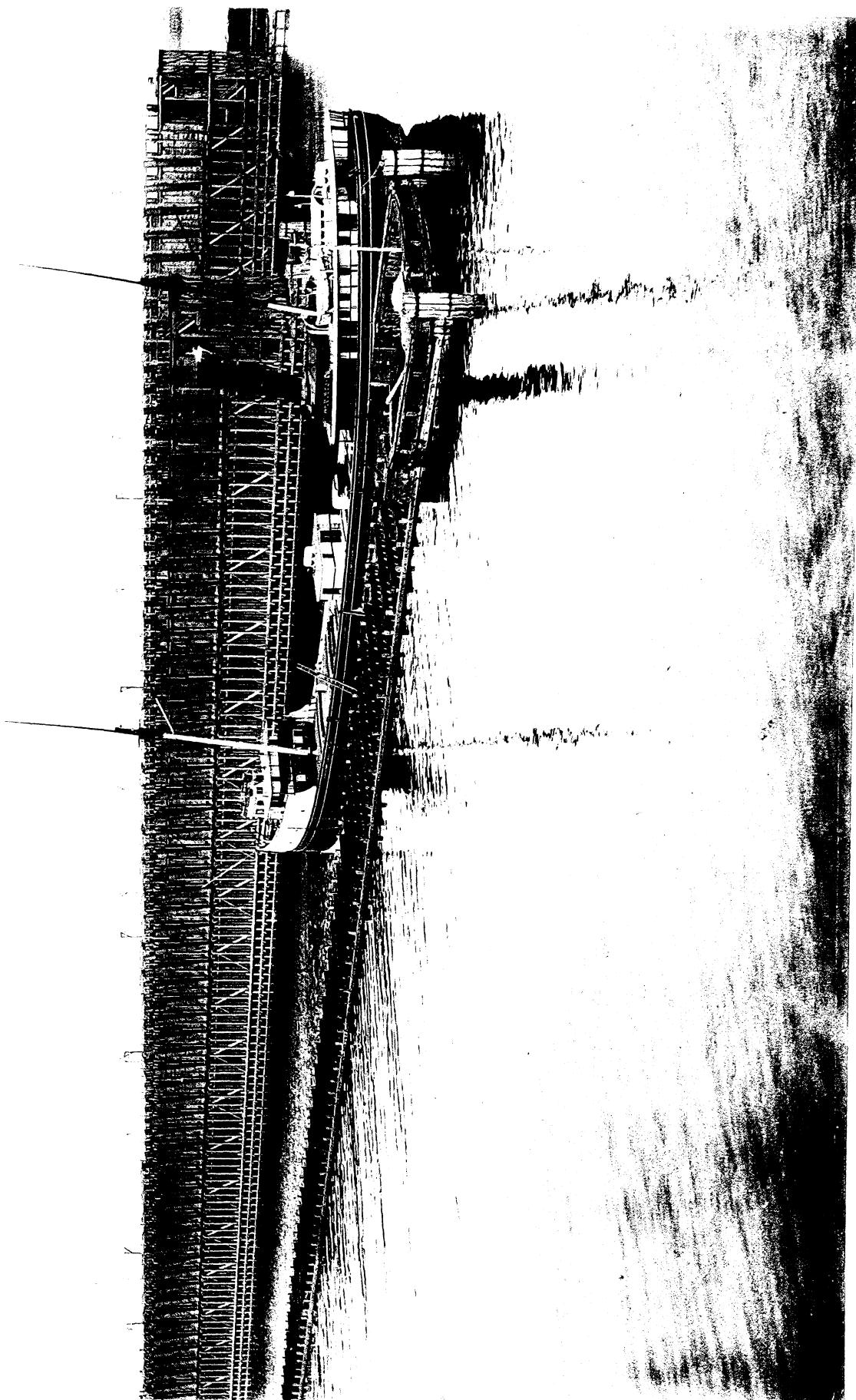


HURON MOUNTAIN HUNTING AND FISHING CLUB AT PINE RIVER.



SCENE ON PINE RIVER.





OAR DOCKS OF THE CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.—ESCANABA.



SCENES AT NEGAUNEE.







HARBOR—GRAND MARAIS.



SCENE AT POWELL'S POINT—MUNISING.



LAKE MICHIGAMME SHOWING DULUTH, SOUTH SHORE & ATLANTIC RY.





Over the hill, and 900 feet higher, are Negaunee, which grew up about the Jackson Mine, and Ishpeming, about the Lake Superior Mine. They are both large towns, but their appearance and history does not differ materially from that of other towns in the Iron Region. Every large mine has its tributary settlement, and wherever there is a village, you may argue the near presence of at least one mine. Champion, Michigammi, and others are of this class. The railroad route shows much business development, and much beauty, not suspected from the shore. The output from the county is very large, and very much of the material is now shipped from Escanaba down on Green Bay. This has much effected Marquette as a shipping port, of course.

The county is full of beauty spots, bold and rugged like the country, and one should not fail to see some of the lakes, of which there are many, nor to take trips on the shore steamer, east to Munising and the Pictured Rocks, and west to Sauk's Head Landing, Yellow Dog River, Big Bay, Salmon Trout River, Pine River, and Huron River, and Bay. These places, with suggestive and euphonious names, are the haunts of the Fishing and Game Clubs, whose members are many of them moneyed residents of the large cities.

After leaving Marquette we pass miles of rocky coast. The brilliant light on Stannards Rock warns us away from its vicinity. We scan the Huron Mountains with the vague interest; one feels in the place where public opinion locates gold mines, and no one finds them. We pass the houses clustered around the mills at Pequeming, and down at the very foot of the bay, we come to L'Anse, with its great expectations, and small realizations. L'Anse has much promise, but no development, though its brown stone, sand stone and slate quarries are among the finest in the world.

Three miles up the shore is the old Methodist mission, around which cluster the oldest memories. On the opposite shore is the Catholic mission, which is almost as old, having been established in 1841, by Father Baraga. This mission is double the size of its neighbor across the bay. There is a three-story stone convent, which is a combined school, orphanage, and asylum, largely self-supported by a well kept farm. This is an object lesson which the Indians understand and profit by, and they are really becoming civilized, under the paternal care of the wise Father who has been with them many years.

The town of Baraga presents only the usual phenomena of a village supported by lumber interests, and the farms that are developing in the vicinity.

It may be said of any place in the whole country that the location is beautiful, but Portage Entry is as little attractive as any. Here, where the large steamers used to meet the tugs and lighters, we find the beginning of the Portage Lake Ship Canal, which extends from here to the Cut opening into Lake Superior on the opposite side of the Point. This which was originally built by private enterprise, assisted by the Government, was in 1891, made over to the United States, and became like the Sault, a free waterway, and through this there passed in 1897 two thousand five hundred and seventeen steamers, and four hundred and fourteen sail.

Not far from the Entry are the red sandstone quarries, the stone said to be the finest in the world, and it is being extensively shipped east and west. Pushing up the river on the right, we pass the cut leading to Torch Lake, and just beyond, Dollar Bay on the right and Chassell on the left, as we come into sight of Houghton and Hancock. The Lake here looks very like a river running through the bottom of a wide ravine, and is spanned by a substantial iron



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